THE EBB-TIDE.

A Trio and Quartette.

Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, Authors of "The Wrecker," "The Wrong Box." Ac.

oright, 1898, by Robert Louis Stromen and Lined Others

"There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men."

The Trio.

CHAPTER V .- CONTINUED.

He rose stupidly and staggered aft, where the Captain gave him the wheel. By the wind," said the Captain. "It comes auffy: when you get a heavy puff, steal all you He stepped toward the house, paused and

halled the forecastle.
"Got such a thing as a concertina forward?" "Buily for you, Uncle Ned. Fetch it

aft, will you?"

The schooner steered very easy, and Herrick, watching the moon-whitened sails, was everpowered by drowsiness. A sharp report from the cabin startled him-a third bottle had een opened, and Herrick remembered the Sea Ranger and Fourteen Island group. Presently the notes of the concertina sounded, and then the Captain's voice:

O, honey, with our pockets full of money, We will trip, trip, trip, we will trip it on the quay, And I will dance with Kate, and Tom will dance with

When we're all back from South Amerikas.

Bo it went to its quaint air; and the watch below lingered and listened by the forward door, and Uncle Ned was to be seen in the moonlight nodding time; and Herrick smiled it the wheel, his anxieties awhile forgotten. Bong followed song; another cork exploded; there were voices raised, as though the pair in the cabin were in disagreement; and presentnow the voice of Huish that struck up, to the Captain's accompaniment:

Un in a balloon, hove. Up in a balleon,
All among the little stars
And round about the moon,

A wave of nausea overcame Herrick at the wheel. He wondered why the air, the words. were yet written with a certain knack, and the voice and accept of the singer, should He sickened at the thought of his two comrades drinking away their reason upon stolen wine, quarrelling and hiecoughing and waking up, while the doors of a prison yawned for them in the near future. "Shall I have sold my honor for nothing?" he thought; and a heat of rage and resolution glowed in his osom-rage against his comrades, resolution to earry through this business, if it might be carried: pluck profit out of shame, since the shame at least was now inevitable, and come home home from South America, and did the song go, "with his pockets full of money":

O honey, with our pockets full of money, We will trip, trip, trip, we will trip it on the quay.

So the words ran in his head; and the honey took on visible form, the quay rose before him. and he saw the lights of Battersea bridge bestride the sullen river. All through the remainder of his trick he stood entranced, reviewing the past. He had been always true to his love, but not always sedulous to recall her. In the growing calamity of his life she had more distant, like the moon in mist. The letter of farewell, the dishonorable hope that had surprised and corrupted him in his distress, the changed scene, the sea, the night, and the music, all stirred him to the ruots of ground his teeth, "Fair or foul, what matters if I win her?"

THE SU

Trees with you. Don't you crowd me. Mr. Herrick. Son. In the cashes. The without on the flower and left the cashes. The without one of the flower and left the cashes. The second property of the flower and left the cashes. The second property of the flower and left the cashes. The second property of the company of the flower is the cashes. The second property of the company of the flower is the cashes. The second property of the company of the cashes. The second property of the company of the cashes are cashes to the cashes and the cashes. The second property of the cashes are cashes to the cashes and the cashes are cashes to the cashes and the cashes. The second tree does be seen another bottle, and was excited by the quarter he drawn one of the second property of the cashes. The second property of the cashes are cashes bottle, and was excited by the quarter he drawn one of the second property of the second property of the cashes are cashes better the second property of the second propert Nell Herrick was silent.

"Do you 'ear me speak?" asked Huish sharpt. "You're pleasant, ain't you?"

"Stand away from that binnacle," said Herrick.

The clerk looked at him long and straight and black; his figure seemed to writhe like that of a snake about to strike. Then he turned on his heel, went back to the cabin, and opened a bottle of champagne. When eight bells were cried he slept on the floor beside the Captain on the locker, and of the whole starboard watch only Saily Day appeared upon the summons. The mate proposed to stand the watch with him and let Uncle Ned lie down; it would make twelve hours on deck, and probably sixteen, but in this fair-weather sailing he might safely sleep between his tricks of wheel, leaving orders to be called on any sign of squalls. So far he could trust the men, between whom and himself a close relation had sprung up. With Uncle Ned he held long nouturnal conversations, and the old man told him his simple and hard story of exile, suffering, and injustice among cruel whites. The cook, when he found Herrick messed alone, produced for him unexpected and sometimes unpalatable dainties of which he forced himself to eat. And one day, when he was forward, he was surprised to feel a caressing hand run down his shoulder and to hear; the voice of Saily Day crooning in his ear: You gootch man!" He turned and, choking down a sob, shook hands with the negrito. They were kindly, cheery, childish souls. Upon the Sunday cach broughtforth his separate Bible, for they were all men of alles speach even to each other, and Saily Day communicated with his mates in English only; and each read or made believe to read his chapter. Uncle Ned with spectacles on none: and they would all join together in the singing of missionary hymns. It was thus a cutting reproof to compare the islanders and the was held in grateful layor by these innocents served to remember what employment he was on, and to see these poor souls, and even to all himself a good man. But the height of his favor was only now to appea

"Fo' bell, matey. I think um fo' bell"; he was suddenly recalled by these words in the volce of Uncie Ned.

"Look in at the clock. Uncie." said he. He would not look himself from horror of the tipplers.

"Him past, matey" repeated the Hawalian.
"So much the better for you. Uncie." he replied, and he gave up the wheel, repeating the directions as he had received them.
He took two steps forward, and remembered his dead reckoning. "How has she been heading?" he thought, and he flushed from head to foot. He had not observed or had forgotten; here was the old incompetence; the slate must be filled up by guess. "Never again!" he vowed to himself in silent fury.

"There was a great village, a very fine vill-"

"There was a great village, a very fine vill-"

through with it.

The Captain, turning at the house end, met him face to face, and averted his eyes. "We've lost the two tops'is and the stays!" he gabbled. "Good business we didn't lose any steks. I guess you think we're all the better without the Ritea."

That's not what I'm thinking." said Herrick, in a voice strangely quiet, that yet echoed con fusion in the Captain's mind.

"I know that," he cried, holding up his hand. I'k now what you're thinking. No use to say it now. I'm sober."

"I have to say it, though, "returned Herrick." Hold on, Herrick: you've said enough," said Davis. "You've said what I would take from no man breathing but yourself; only I know it's true."

"I have to tell you, Capt. Brown." pursued Herrick. "that I resign my position as mate. You can put me in irons or shoot me, as you please; I will make no resistance: only I decline in any way to help or to obey you, and I suggest you should put Mr. Huish in my place. He will make a worthy first officer to your Captain, sir." He smiled, bowed, and turned to walk forward."

"Where are you going. Herrick?" cried the Captain, detaining him by the shoulder.

"To beth forward with the men, sir," replied Herrick, with the same hateful smile.

"I've been long enough aft here with you gentlemen."

"You're wrong there," said Davis. "Don't you be too quick with me; there ain't nothing wrong but the drink. It's the cld story, uan! Let me get sober once, and then you'll see, he pleaded.

"Excuse me, I desire to see no more of you," said Herrick.

e me. I desire to see no more of you." "Excuse me. I desire to see no more of you," said Herrick.

The Captain groaned. "You know what you said about my children?" he broke out.
"By rute. In case you wish me to say it to you again?" asked Herrick.

GOOD STORIES OF IMP FRESENT DAY.

A Endesse to a Bushraeger, and What
Chame of H.

Champing 1882, by facing R. Lenda.

The painy days of Australian bushranging were the beginning of that great industry which has earriched the colony by hundreds of millions—wool growing. A vastaxtent of country I have never aliven the olding he herders were obliged to live alone and far from eivilization. The bushranger had no fear of the solitary herder, and the latter was forced by circumstances to become an ally. It came to be an understood thing that the herder should permit the outlaw the shelter of his hut and provide him with a meal, and it was not exacted that he should inform the police. Had he played spy, as well as host, the bushranger swould have put an end to sheep raising by murdering all the herders.

On the D, and D, run, which embraced many square miles north of the Murray River, we had over twenty herders, and the distance between some of them was twelve miles. No two were nearer than five. Each had a rude but of poles and logs and turf, and was supplied with provisions once a month. There was a fireplace in each hut, and a bunk and hedding for any traveller who might come along. We had a storehouse eight miles north of the Murray. And once a month two carts were sent cut with provisions for the stations. As inspector for the company, I had to visit each herder at least once a week and report on the condition of the herd. If he was ill, while was sometimes the case, I had to replace him with another man, and If he had become homestek and shandoned his station, which was not a rare thing. I had to keep the saddel till a substitute was found. There was not friendship between inspectors and bushrangers. We put the police on their rangers. We put the police on their r rangers. We put the police on their track whenever we could, and many an inspector was tumbled from his saddle by a shot fired from rock or thicket. There were times, however, when hostilities were suspended. When the police were not on a red hot trail or the bushrangers making a foray, there was not much danger to either side. On one occasion, in riding through the scrub, I came full upon the camp of six bushrangers. There was a sudden alarm and a rush for their guns, but I called out that I was only a ranch inspector who had lost his way, and was not fired upon, On the occasion of which I write, I had made a ride of thirty miles to reach "station 17." which was at the base of a chain of hills, with a vast plain in front of it. A creek ran along the base of the bills, and on the bank of this stream was the hut. The provision cart had

weapon of any sort was within his reach. He was more heipless than any of the victims of his thirst for blood. He made three or four trememious efforts to free himself and then quietly said.

"Perhaps you'll change your mind about that £1,000 revard new. All you've got to do is to slip out and fasten a rope around my ankle, or it will be an easy job to knock me on the head with the axe."

I got a stick of wool from the heap, and by using it as a lever he was soon enabled to draw his leg eiear. He sait and rubbed it for three or four minutes, and then limped over to the bunk and stretched himself out. Not a word was said by either of us. I sait for half an hour to nest up my report book and then turned into the other lunk, and I don't remember ever to have slept more soundly in mr whole life. I was up and had broakfast ready when the bunkranger turned out. Outside of a "good morning and a word or two about the weather, we had no conversation until we finished breakfast and went outdoors with our sipes. Then I said to him.

Look here, Bill, I wan that herder to return here and centinue in charge.

"I'll see that as one bothers him," said he. "And you might hist to the boys that I don't care to be shot at as I ride over the run."

"They won't waste any lead on you."

It's against the law for me to help you along in your career, but in case of accident or sickness you'll find the herder willing to do what he can. He's pretty handy at a broken bone, and I guess he knows how to break up bush fever."

"Would ye shake hands with me?" gruffly queried the man, as he turned on me.

"Yes, I would, out with the hope that no more bleed may stain it, tiood-by to you."

It satired off along the lase of the hill and had gone perhaps twenty rods when he haited. It rand get to see me."

He walked away, and I never saw him again. I have been. If you hear of my being captured, turned about, and retraced his steps. He came district after that. He retained his liberty for hearly a year, and was there aphured a nut have been fill and

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THE OLD SETTLER'S THANKSCIPING. It was Clouded a Little by Circumstances

"Well, Major," said the Squire, as the Old Settler came into the tavern Thankegiving evening, "how'd rer turkey set?" "Tol'able, tol'able," replied the Old Sottler.
'But it'd be a settin' a durn sight better if it

wa'n't fer some sareumstances that happened. Brother Van Sloeum an' a couple o' the sisters that's mixed up with M'riar in the doin's o' the Feeders o' Them that Hungers an' the Clothers o' Them that's Naked S'clety sot down to dinner with us, an' sarcumstances come with 'em. Saroum-stances I kin come pooty nigh handlin', ez a ginr'l thing, but Brother Van Slocum an' the sistern, took together with sarcumstances, is a lectle more in I kin git away with. Do ye oller me. Squire?"

Wull, no," said the Squire. "Not e'zac'ly." The Old Settler was silent for awhile, and then said:

'Ye recomember Figeon-toed Thumply, don't 70, Equire?"
"Dunno ex I do," replied the Squire. "But

I recomember his gran' pan pooty well. 'Jeewhizz, Squire!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "Pigeon-toed Thumply were eighty year old hisself when I were a boy! Ye'd hef to be pooty nigh ez old ez M'thusely to recomem-

ber his gran'pap!"

The Squire stroked his chin and doubled his underlip between his thumb and finger for a minute or so, thinking deeply.
"Humph!" said he, by and by. "Is that so

Come to think on it, Major, mebbe it were Pigeon-tood Thumply's gran'son that I recomember, 'stid o' his gran'pap. That's it! It was his gran'son I recomember! O. res. Major! That were it. His gran'son."
"Squire!" exclaimed the Old Settler, and

any one with half an ear could have heard him on the other side of the road. "I've ben settin down to-day with sarcumstances to which Brother Van Sloeum an' the Feeders an' Clothers was access'ry afore the fact, an' I stood it; but I want to tell ye right here, b'gosh, that'I ain't agointer come here for a leetle recreation an' be bam-amuzalegigged! Do ye understan' me? You nor nobody else kin set here, b'gosht'imighty. an' bamsmuzzlegig me! B'gosh!"

The Old Settler's vehemence made his face as red as the wattles of the turkey he had killed for his Thankegiving dinner, and he stumped his cane on the floor in a way that had not been heard for many a day. The Squire and Sol, the landlord, were amazed. Bamsmuzzlegigged, Major?" gasped the

things was goin'—'cause Brother Van an' the sistern hadn't no use fer words—all of a suddent Brother Van lays down his knife an' fork, an' lookin' over to M'riar, with his hands crossed on his stomach, he says;

"Oh, Nister, if I had the wings of a dove!"
That were more'n I could stand.
"Consarn pay! I says, 'here's a turkey that's ex fat an' crispy ex the best turkey that kings ever sot down to! I says, 'here's at turkey that is legs an' both wings an' a big hunk o' the breast, not mentionin the back an' tha gizzard, an more a laidle full o' stuffin'! I says, 'an now ye lay back an 'stindwate ag'in these victuals by which ye had the wings of a dove!" I says, 'Pain Thanksgivin' turkey hain't good enough fer you! I says, 'You re built so durn fine that ye want to be fed on the wings of a dove, bay? I says, 'M'riar,' I says, 'this is a shame! Ye hain't done the squar' thing by ma! I says, why didn't ye tell me ye were goin' to how this delicate brother here to-day, I says, 'an' it do not here to-day,' says, 'an' re could a stewed em in honey for him. I says, an' then I could a gone out inter the cold world,! is are, without one wave o' trouble rollin' acrosst my peaceful breast!' I says, "Sayin' o' which I got up an' grabbed my hat an 'left the Feeders and the Clothers to their self, an' I'll bate four shillin', b' gosht 'lmighty, that they'm a siddin' down Groenlan's ley mountains an' a clankin' of error's chulms like all possessed, this very minute!"

"He hain't not nothin' to do with it." Tredled the Old Settlar. Seakain' o' the wings of a dove kinder put me in mind of Pigeon-toed Thumply, that'a ail. But I've got a quarter, Squire. Shoren we put some more o' that talm in Gilyud where it can't be bamenus-eleginged?"

HARD LINES ON THE CONFEDERATES,

HARD LINES ON THE CONFEDERATES,

Upon Their Depreciated Currency the Versi. fier Wreaked His Rhymes, Nearly every ex-Confederate preserves some

scrap of Confederate paper money as a memento of the civil war, and most of them have stories to tell of the abourd shifts they were driven to in purchasing the necessaries of life with a depreciated currency. Confederate money was never worth its face value, and by the spring of 1864 it exchanged in Richmond with United States coin at twenty-five for one. A banished Northerner who found himself in Richmond at that time paid \$25 a day at a moderately good hotel. He lived to see Confederate money exchange with United States coin at forty and fifty to one during the slage of Petersburg, and, finally, upon the retreat, a few days before Lee's surrender, he found in a bit of woodland, a great pile of the worthless stuff neatly laid out on the ground and heid down with a stone. Some disgusted Conjederate had left it there, and there was nobely

to pick it up.
While Petersburg was under siege, the price